

FORD TIMES

DECEMBER 1980



Jim Pierpont's Gift to Christmas



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The Ford Owner's Magazine

FORD TIMES

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Cover: In 1850 James S. Pierpont composed a tune that would become one of America's favorite Christmas songs. Richard W. O'Donnell's story about Pierpont and his popular song begins on page 10. Illustration by Marcus Hamilton.



Hawaii's Wailau Valley

story and photos by Carl Hanson

OUR BOAT RIDE was as exhilarating as the scenery was spectacular. With both feet planted firmly on the cockpit deck, our Hawaiian skipper gripped the steering wheel in a confident rhythm with the sea's abrupt changes. The members of our party scanned the constantly moving panorama as our small flotilla zoomed in on Wailau Valley, a remote spot on the north coast of the Hawaiian island of Molokai.

The cliffs in this region are nature's skyscrapers, their proportions appropriately noted in the *Guinness Book of World Records*:

"The highest sea cliffs yet pinpointed anywhere in the world are those on the north coast of east Molokai, Hawaii, near Umi Lehi Point, which descend 3,300 feet to the sea at an average gradient of more than 55°."

In contrast to most of the other islands of the 50th state, during the last several decades Molokai's relatively small population of four or five thousand has remained stable. After this period of accelerated growth and change, the "friendly isle," as it is sometimes called, remains a link with a simpler and more naturally paced past.

As with first-time visitors to the man-made canyons of New York, our heads sway backward scanning the natural walls that have safeguarded the seclusion of this coastline and, symbolically, protected the continuity and lifestyles of the small communities on the island's gentler southern





slopes. Our helmsman's confidence seems a natural blend with this environment, the result of a heritage of harmony with, what is for us, a strange place. For him, Wailau Valley and these cliffs are a perfect counterpoint to the uncertainties of the changing outside world.

The members of our group are primarily temporary refugees from Oahu and the urban style of Honolulu. During the summer months, when the seas are relatively smooth, and with the aid of fishermen and their boats, a local chapter of a national environmental group occasionally sponsors a weekend campout in Wailau or one of its neighboring valleys.

Years ago these valleys were inhabited on a year-round basis by colonies of Hawaiians. Until a tidal wave inundated it in 1946, Halawa Valley, on the eastern end of the island, was the site of a community whose members supported themselves by fishing from the sea and by growing taro (of

which poi is a by-product) on terraces along the valley's walls. About 15 miles to the west, in near-isolation, a small settlement on the Kalaupapa Peninsula sheltered lepers. Today, there is a road that connects Halawa with the outside world — it was from this point that we began our exciting sea excursion — while the leprosy settlement, because of modern medical techniques and a more humane attitude, is slowly being phased out. Soon the entire peninsula will be added to the U.S. national park system.

Our boat ride is nearly completed. The waterfalls and rocky beach of the shallow Papalaua Valley indicate that we are leaving the area of wall-like cliffs and entering a portion of the coast marked by verdant valleys. In a short time we turn the corner of Wailau's eastern headland and ease to a stop less than 50 feet from shore. The waters are tranquil, a contrast to what must be a violent winter scene, when giant swells sweep down from arctic

waters to deliver their compressed energy on Hawaii's exposed northern shores.

The valley presents a picture of intense lushness. In the background the western border climbs hundreds of feet in the air, the record-setting Umi Lehi Point visible in the near distance. We are adjacent to a boulder-strewn landfall that gradually blends, a few hundred yards to the west, with a sandy beach of volcanic origin. In the violent winter, we are told, even this sandy portion of the shore is washed away, leaving the area entirely in the custody of black boulders. A small river bounces down to the sea, completing the pristine scene.

In startling contrast to the natural setting, there are several shack-like structures just above the high-water

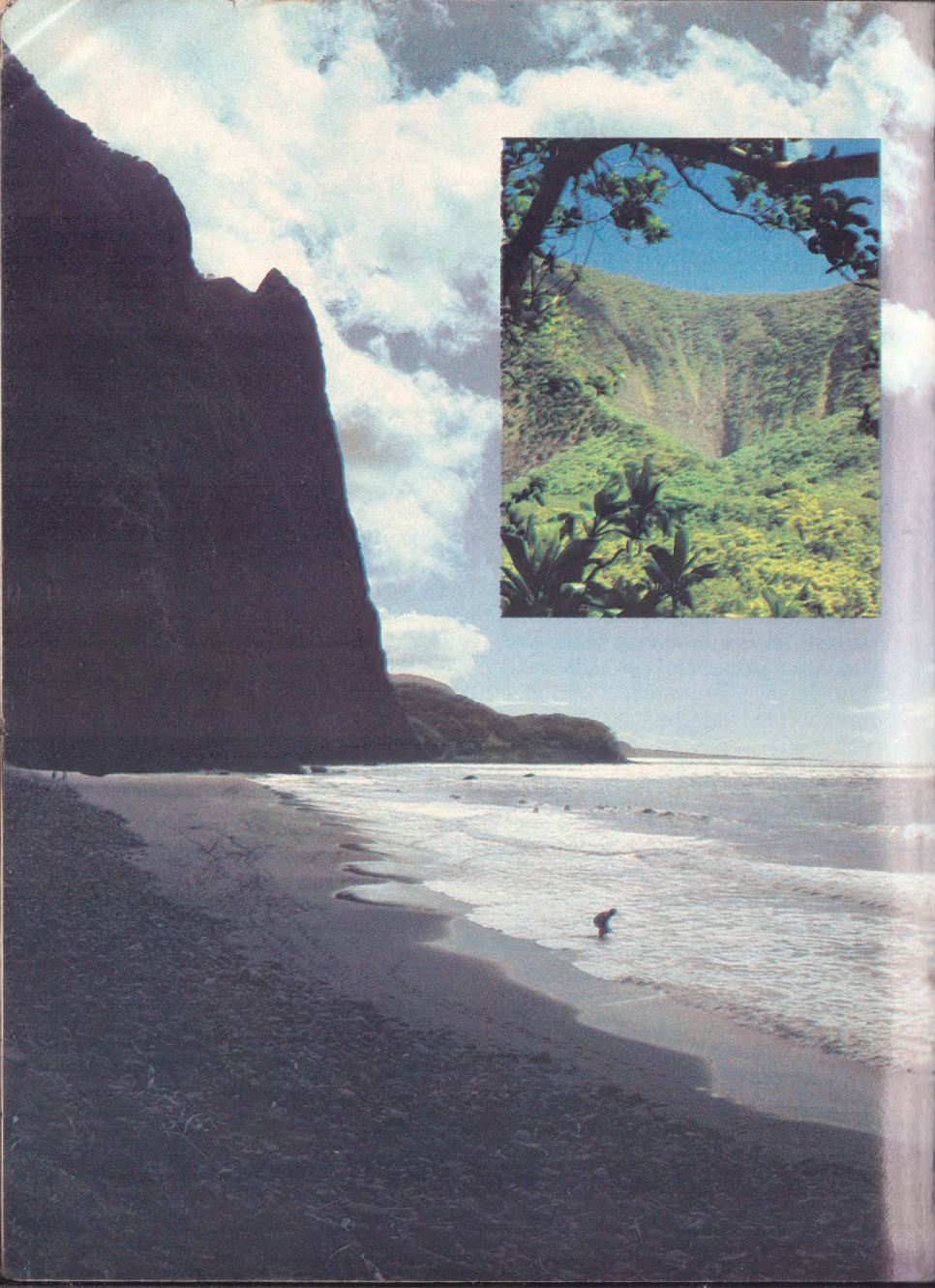
changed by the introduction of exotic and sometimes disruptive forces. As we land our gear and begin to move along the shoreline to our campsite, we try to convey to the people occupying the shelters that our presence poses no threat to the fragile pattern of this natural place, that we are merely temporary visitors who wish to leave the valley just as we find it.

Our movements under an environmental banner seem to ease any tensions that might have developed. Humility and harmony become our collective value as we allow the overpowering charm of Wailau to transport us in an almost dream-like journey to a natural mood and setting unknown and unreachable to most visitors and residents of modern Hawaii.

Crossing the narrow river we make our way up a low bluff above the sandy portion of the shoreline. There, among a cluster of hala trees, we set up our relatively elaborate and com-



mark. Hawaiians from other parts of the island maintain part-time and intermittent summer residences here in order to gather natural foods and temporarily recapture something of their history. In 1778 the centuries-long isolation of Hawaii came to an abrupt end with the landing of Capt. James Cook, presumed to be the first European to visit the islands. Almost immediately a highly organized and ecologically balanced system was



fortable camp. Using this spot as a center of activity, we strike out in tentative explorations of our immediate surroundings. An ocean swim followed by a freshwater dip helps to alter our pace to one more consistent with the temper of the valley. Late that afternoon, framed in the openings between the hala trees of our campsite, the sunset unfolds its dynamic display over the Kalaupapa Peninsula. In the evening there is a stillness that accentuates the contrast with the morning's departure from busy Honolulu. We fall asleep cradled comfortably in our strange but peaceful surroundings.

In the morning the air is fresh but dry, indicating that the rains for which Wailau is noted were absent during the night. Wailau means "many waters," and upon exploring the valley we note several waterfalls still active, and dark creases in the green walls marking the potential for others if a sudden downpour should develop. A hundred feet or so below us, several of our shoreline neighbors float or move languidly in the slow-moving ponds of the river as they gather freshwater shell fish and prawns. Some of their harvest will be consumed, but much of it will be turned into cash after a speedy boat trip to the outside world.

The trail leads us through bamboo forests and under tall and bountiful trees that form a natural umbrella, blocking the rays of the sun and encouraging the growth of a moss carpet over the rock and boulder surface. On

occasion a party of young people voluntarily visits the valley for several days or even weeks in order to clear and try to recapture the trail used, a generation ago, by its former residents. The midpoint of our hike, near the back of the valley, finds us resting temporarily among a group of these energetic workers. As we mingle with them, their enthusiasm and commitment of time strikes a positive chord with hopes for the future maintenance of places like Wailau. For the moment, at least, things seem in good hands.

The final full day of our adventure is filled with personal explorations. For some it is a time for reflection while lounging and casually strolling the beach and shoreline. The challenge of climbing the valley's walls appeals to others, while a soon-to-be-married couple discover a hidden waterfall to season their special experience. Standing high on the slopes of the valley one could imagine Herman Melville as he explored the tropical secrets of the Marquesas Islands or feel the presence of a Hawaiian chief as he surveyed his lands. Although our thoughts are personal they cannot escape the ghosts of other places and other times.

That evening an elderly, silver-haired Hawaiian woman visits our campsite to share with us her childhood experiences in Wailau. Her stories about the final days of community life in the valley seem an appropriate conclusion to our all-too-brief journey to Hawaii's hidden past. □

DURING THE CHRISTMAS season the Country Club Plaza in Kansas City, Missouri, becomes one of the nation's most spectacular outdoor lighting exhibits, with thousands of red, amber, white, green and blue lights outlining every tower and building against the night sky.

In 1925, Christmas lighting was

introduced to the Plaza with the hanging of a single strand of colored lights across the doorway of the Suydam Building. As the Plaza grew in size over the years, so did the lighting. Today, 46 miles of wire and more than 152,000 bulbs are used.

Workmen start in September and spend more than 3,000 hours install-

THOSE WONDERFUL



photo courtesy of Convention and Visitors
Bureau of Greater Kansas City

ing the lights in preparation for the traditional lighting ceremony on Thanksgiving evening.

Tens of thousands of people, both local residents and out-of-towners, come to view the ceremony, which is sponsored by the Plaza Merchants Association. All rooms at the Alameda and Raphael hotels with a

view of the Plaza are booked months, sometimes a year, in advance for Thanksgiving night. During the holiday season, it's difficult to get a room that faces the spectacular lighting.

Airlines occasionally reroute their night flights over the Plaza to provide passengers with a superb aerial view of the Christmas lights. □

PLAZA LIGHTS



A Jolly Little Song of Christmas

**The composer was inspired by a
sleigh gliding across the snow**

by Richard W. O'Donnell

THIS IS A Christmas story about a man and a sleigh.

Let it be clear, at the outset, the man was not a merry old soul named Santa Claus. He was James S. Pierpont, a rather skinny chap from Medford, Massachusetts.

The sleigh was not pulled by eight tiny reindeer, either. It was a battered and bruised specimen pulled by a swift little mare named Cleo.

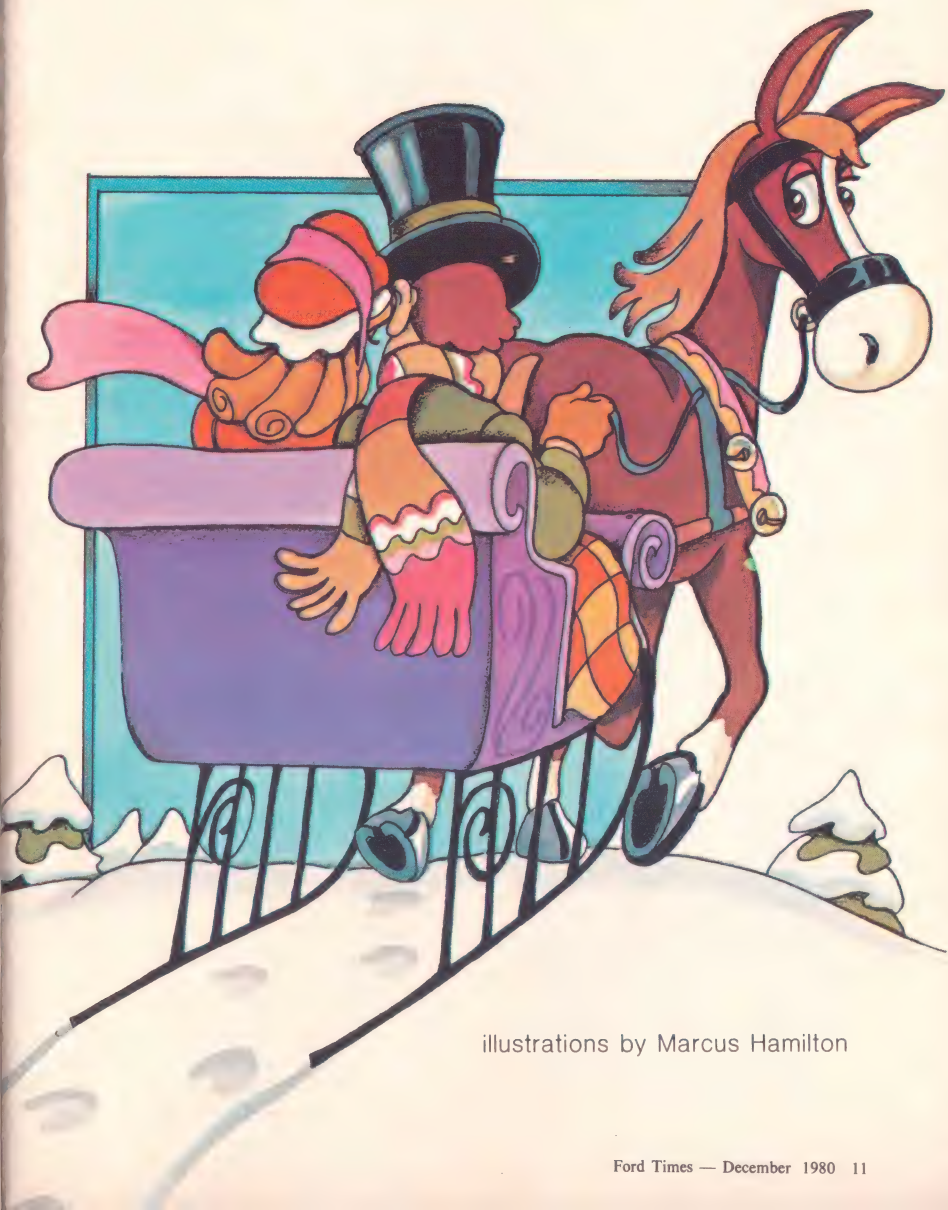
Actually, the sleigh and Cleo, plus the clothes on his back, were about

the only things Jim Pierpont owned in 1850.

He was one of those legendary forty-niners who had headed west with the glint of gold in their eyes, and returned home with empty pockets and a desire for a good home-cooked meal.

Pierpont can best be described as an impoverished musician. He eked out a living by playing the organ at various churches on Sunday in nearby Boston.

Jim's pride and joy was his horse



illustrations by Marcus Hamilton

Cleo. He loved the sprightly little chestnut, and when he headed west to the gold rush, he arranged for Cleo to be kept at a barn in Boston. The sleigh he had used on wintertime romps was also stored there.

They were waiting for him when he returned home. He rented a room in a Medford Square boardinghouse operated by Mrs. Otis Waterman. He wasn't exactly the star boarder — he had a corner room on the fourth floor — but Mrs. Waterman took him under maternal wing.

Jim was undernourished and on the sickly side when he returned home, and his landlady made certain

he always had an extra bowl of soup or an extra piece of meat at dinner. Her mashed potatoes, laced with specks of onions, added four or five pounds to his frail frame.

The star boarder at Mrs. Waterman's rooming house was William Webber, the local piano teacher. He had a first-floor front room with a large bay window, and an adjoining chamber for piano lessons. A magnificent grand piano was the centerpiece in that room. Webber was quite proud of his piano. It was the only one in Medford in those days.

Since they both loved music, the two men became friends. In short order, Jim Pierpont was spending his evenings in Webber's quarters trying to compose songs on the only piano in town.

In return for this privilege, he allowed Webber to use Cleo and the sleigh, when the piano teacher, who was considered a prize catch, wanted to take one of his lady friends for a ride on a brisk winter day.

One day, before going courting, Webber bought a string of small bells and placed them around Cleo's neck. He felt the tinkle of the bells would add to the pleasure of the upcoming sleigh ride. It did.

"They make a beautiful sound," Pierpont told his friend when he heard the sleigh bells tinkling away. "You can almost feel the movement of the sleigh as it glides across the snow."

That night, while his friend was still out courting, Jim sat down at the piano and attempted to duplicate the



sound of sleigh bells. He pecked away at the piano for more than two hours before coming up with "a pleasant little tune" that satisfied him. In less than a half-hour he worked out the lyrics.

It was a happy song. Landlady Waterman later recalled it had "somewhat of a sense of humor." Young people in Medford sang it on sleigh rides all winter long.



It is not known if Pierpont composed any other songs on the only piano in town that year. Perhaps he did. If so, they are long forgotten and probably lost forever.

Later the same year, Pierpont had to sell his beloved Cleo and the sleigh to get money to pay his fare to Savannah, Georgia. His health was bad, and doctors had warned him he would not survive another frigid New England winter.

Pierpont's brother John was a minister in Savannah, and he made room in his home for his sick brother. In

time, the composer regained his health, married and became head of the music department at Quitman Academy in Savannah.

In December 1857, his brother asked him if he knew of a "pleasant winter song" that Sunday school pupils could sing at a church social they were planning.

Jim did. Indeed, he had it stored away in an attic trunk. He dusted off his only copy of the song he had composed in Medford years earlier, and handed it over to his brother.

The children loved the song, and it proved to be the big hit of the Christmas social a few weeks later.

Jim Pierpont was so delighted by the response that he went out and obtained a copyright on it. Two years later, it was published — and the rest is history.

It became one of America's favorite Christmas songs.

Later, the great Victor Herbert would remark, "Of all the songs by other composers I have heard, there is only one I wished I had composed myself."

He was asked the name of the song.

"Why, *Jingle, Bells*, of course," he said, a bit surprised the question was asked. "It's a jolly little tune."

That was the name of Jim Pierpont's song.

Jingle, bells! jingle, bells!

Jingle all the way!

Oh, what fun it is to ride

In a one-horse open sleigh!

Indeed, it is "a jolly little song." □

Anne and Charlotte Ford
have written a book
that takes the mystique
out of the machine



No woman interested in a car will want to be without Anne and Charlotte Ford's new book. (Nor, for that matter, will any man who wants to keep up with the women in his life.)

The daughters of Henry Ford II have written an unusual and highly informative new book that can make life a lot easier for every woman who owns and/or drives a car. It's called *How to Love the Car in Your Life*.

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An RV Vacation



-On the Rails



story and photos
by Charles L. Cadieux

I SAT BEHIND the wheel of my 22-foot motorhome as we rounded a long, sweeping curve in the pine-clad Sierra Madres and headed for the next tunnel. Then I got up and walked back to get myself a sandwich as we thundered into the blackness of the tunnel.

No one was driving the motorcoach. No one needed to. We were securely tied down on a flatcar of the Ferrocarril Chihuahua al Pacifico, the railroad that was carrying our 41-unit caravan over the mountains, down to the bottom of the Barranca del Cobre — which rivals our Grand Canyon — back up over the coastal range of mountains and down to Mexico's semitropical west coast at Los Mochis.

We had traveled hundreds of miles in the safety and comfort of our own motorcoach, yet I hadn't started the motor, or burned one drop of gasoline. Caravanas de Mexico had chartered the special train that took us through the cool mountain scenery at a leisurely 20 miles per hour. Some of us sat in our coaches, others enjoyed the passing scene from lawn chairs

placed on the flat cars.

We had stopped overnight near Creel, and had gone into that small lumber town for a visit to the shops and a fine meal at the Motel Parador, then had gone on to Bahuichivo for a two-day stop. We had ridden buses chartered by Caravanas to visit the ancient mission church where the Tarahumara Indians practice a strange religion, part Roman Catholicism (which they have preserved, somewhat garbled, by word of mouth during two centuries without a priest) and part the ancient beliefs that predated the first Franciscan padres' entry into this land of rugged mountains and deep chasms.

From Bahuichivo, buses took us to Mission Urrique for a very interesting day, featuring the long haul up to the Canyon Urrique overlook, one of the most spectacular and least visited views on this continent. We then rode back to the Mission Urrique Lodge for an authentic meal of Mexican cuisine, not at all like the chile-pepper-and-beans caricature of Mexican cookery that we are so often fed on television and in movies. While we were touring this fabulous area, our motorcoaches remained securely fastened atop the railroad flat cars.

The railroad's route is something of a roller coaster, its elevation above sea level varying from 30 feet at Los Mochis to more than 8,000 at Creel, and with a long descent into the Barranca del Cobre and back out again before enjoying the long sleigh ride down the western slope to the

Gulf of California. We made many camera stops. One of the most interesting was at the Divisadero — the Continental Divide. Here runoff waters head east or west. The view at the Divisadero almost matches that at Canyon Urrique. We stood at the edge of a terrifying drop, where the rock walls fell away into purple shadows far below, and the serrated edges of the other side of the canyon marched back toward the horizon, row upon row, to fade into the haze of distance.

Completed during the administration of Presidente Aldolfo Lopez Mateos, the Ferrocarril ranks as one of the engineering marvels of our world. Designed to bring the produce of Chihuahua State — "the Texas of Mexico" — to the port of Topolobampo, the railroad had to bore its way through 86 tunnels and cross 44 trestles on its jaunt from Cuauhtemoc to Los Mochis.

Even with the completion of the railroad, travelers got only a fleeting glimpse of the awesome scenery and the people who lived there. Italian-built Rapidos made the entire trip in daylight, but didn't waste any time doing it.

Then Gil Andrews came up with the idea of transporting caravans by rail through the most rugged part of the trip, and Caravanas de Mexico was born in 1971. Since then, more than 10,000 people have made the trip — the easy way, by rail. The caravan forms up in El Paso, crosses the border with ease, all work done ahead



*Left and below: A camera stop at
the Divisadero. Above: Canyon Urrique*





Topolobampo's harbor, on the Gulf of California

of time for you by the Caravanas people. A leisurely half-day drive brings you to the Nieves Trailer Park in Chihuahua City, where your space is reserved ahead of time. That night you all eat together in the motel dining room and then are entertained by authentic Mexican folk dances, performed by dance students from nearby Chihuahua University. Next morning there's a bus tour of the city.

Led by wagonmasters, followed by "tail gunners" who are expert mechanics, and accompanied by a bilingual guide, you drive west to La Junta and tour the Mennonite colony that has prospered since the Mexican government lured these industrious farm-

ers with free land and freedom from military conscription and taxes for 50 years. Both sides kept the bargain and the huge valley is a showplace of productive agriculture. Be sure to try some of their cheeses — they're great!

Next morning, you load aboard the flat cars by simply driving your own rig up a ramp. Live aboard that night, for next morning you'll awake to the gentle jolting as the special train heads west toward adventure in the Sierra Madres, toward the seacoast on the Gulf of California, toward white sand beaches under swaying palms although it may be below zero degrees and snowing back home.

Arrival at the railhead in Los

Mochis is usually in late afternoon, just in time to hop aboard a bus provided by Hotel Santa Anita and head downtown for a meal of delicious seafood. Try the Camarones Santa Anita, shrimp cooked as you've never had them before.

The next morning you unload by driving straight ahead onto a ramp and down to a reserved space at the Los Mochis Trailer Park. Then comes a bus tour of Topolobampo, a busy fishing port with a perfect harbor.

There's lots more ahead on this 18-day trip, after a day's drive down to Mazatlan, the fun capital of Mexico's sunshine coast. There's ample time for shopping in this city, which was the port for galleons from the Philippines during the days when Spain ruled most of the known world; plenty of time to explore its "Indian Market," a kaleidoscope of sounds, sights and smells.

There's a catered dinner at the Shrimp Bucket, a wild place where the waiters get into the act — and so do the customers — and marimbas send pulsating dance music for the light-footed among your lighthearted group.

The tour returns via Highway 15, with stops at several lovely places, and reenters the United States at Nogales, Arizona.

Caravanas de Mexico charges according to the length of the entire "recreational vehicle" (trailer and tow car, or motorhome). For units up to 29 feet long, the price is \$680 for rig and two people. Additional passen-



gers over 12 years of age cost \$145 each, under 12 years are free. This charge includes all rail fees, all campground fees, four or five catered meals, all bus rides to various attractions, and all the services of the bilingual guides, wagonmasters and mechanics. It doesn't include your own gasoline, your food other than catered meals, or other usual tourist expenses. □

Editor's note: For more information about this and other tours offered by Caravanas de Mexico, call their toll free number, 1-800-351-1685, or write to Caravanas de Mexico, 4100 Memphis Avenue, El Paso, Texas 79903.



Have a Chocolate Christmas

by Kay Savage

CHRISTMAS AND chocolate just naturally belong together.

It's everybody's favorite flavor and the candies, confections, cakes, cookies and other holiday treats that celebrate the season depend on the fruit of a perennial evergreen tree.

Not the kind of tree decked with lights and baubles or popcorn balls. This is the cacao tree growing in the tropics with the botanical name of *Theobroma*, which means "food of the gods." It produces cocoa beans, the source of all chocolate. It has a long history dating back to the ancient Aztecs who ground the cocoa beans to a powder and made a prized drink, *cacahuatl*, called *chocolatl* by later-day Mexicans.

Many forms of chocolate are available today, but of them all, the dry unsweetened cocoa is probably the

most popular for several reasons.

It is convenient to use right from the can, stores easily on the cupboard shelf, is economical, lower in calories since much of the fat (cocoa butter) has been removed, and is easily substituted for other forms of chocolate. (Three level tablespoons dry unsweetened cocoa plus 1 tablespoon fat equal 1 ounce or square unsweetened baking chocolate.)

Special cookies with a chocolaty hot drink are the perfect way to end a day of winter activities. The Fireside Hot Mulled Cocoa can be brewed up in minutes, conveniently measuring the unsweetened cocoa right from the can with no messy pre-melting. For an all-age group make it in two batches, one without rum for the small fry and teetotalers.

The No-Bake Chocolate Cherry Tarts take a little time to make, but they're worth the effort and the recipe is adaptable to other occasions.

Kay Savage is a former food editor of the Detroit Free Press.

The Chocolate Almond "Cut-Out" Cookies are also versatile. Cut the almond paste into stars and bells for Christmas, hearts for Valentine's Day, shamrocks for St. Patrick's Day, turkeys for Thanksgiving Day, or create your own designs to fit the occasion.

FIRESIDE HOT MULLED COCOA

- 1/4 cup unsweetened cocoa
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup water
- 1 quart milk
- 1/4 cup light or dark rum
- Sweetened whipped cream, optional

Combine cocoa and sugar in saucepan; blend in water. Over medium heat bring to boiling, stirring constantly, about 2 minutes. Gradually pour in milk, stirring until heated through. Remove from heat, stir in rum, then pour into heated mugs. Garnish with whipped cream if desired and add a cinnamon stick stirrer. 4 to 5 servings.



NO-BAKE CHOCOLATE CHERRY TARTS

- 2 cups confectioners' sugar
- 1 cup vanilla wafer crumbs
- 1 cup ground almonds
- 1/2 cup unsweetened cocoa
- 1/2 cup milk

Cherry Filling, recipe below

Mix sugar, wafer crumbs, ground almonds and cocoa until well blended. Sprinkle in milk, mixing until ingredients are moistened and cling together. Break off pieces and shape into walnut-sized balls. Place in paper-lined 1 1/4-inch muffin cups. Press dough against bottom and side of each cup to form shell. Drop Cherry Filling by spoonfuls into each cup, filling shells. Garnish with 1/4 candied cherry and chill until firm.

Cherry Filling

- 3 ounces cream cheese, softened
 - 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
 - 1 teaspoon vanilla
 - 1/4 teaspoon almond extract
 - 1/2 cup coarsely chopped blanched almonds
 - 1/4 cup candied cherries, quartered
- Halved candied cherries for garnish

In small mixer bowl beat cream cheese until soft. Gradually beat in sugar, vanilla and almond extract until smooth. Stir in almonds and quartered cherries.

CHOCOLATE ALMOND SNOWBALLS: Instead of shaping the chocolate mixture into tart shells, shape the mixture into balls, then roll in sifted confectioners' sugar.

CHOCOLATE ALMOND "CUT-OUT" COOKIES

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 1/4 cups all-purpose flour
- 1/3 cup unsweetened cocoa
- 3/4 teaspoon soda



$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

Almond Cut-Outs, recipe below

Sliced almonds, candied red and green cherries
and decorator frosting

In large mixer bowl cream butter and sugar until well blended. Add egg and vanilla and beat well. Sift flour, cocoa, soda and salt; gradually add to creamed mixture, beating well. Shape dough into roll $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter on sheet of waxed paper. Wrap in waxed paper and chill several hours or overnight. (After $\frac{1}{2}$ hour chilling, reshape if needed to keep roll round.) With thin, sharp knife cut roll into $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch slices; place $\frac{1}{2}$ inch apart on ungreased cookie sheets. Bake at 375° 8 to 10 minutes or until set. Remove from cookie sheets and cool on racks. When cold place an Almond Cut-Out on top of each cookie and decorate as desired with almonds, candied cherries or frosting.

Almond Cut-Outs

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter

$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioners' sugar

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond extract

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

1 cup ground blanched almonds

2 tablespoons milk

Cream butter until soft and fluffy; beat in 1 cup sugar, almond and vanilla. Beat in remaining sugar, ground almonds and milk. Mixture should be stiff. (If too sticky, add additional $\frac{1}{4}$ cup confectioners' sugar.) Between 2 sheets of waxed paper roll into 12- x 14-inch rectangle. Place on cookie sheet and chill 30 minutes or until firm. Peel off top paper and cut into desired shapes with small cookie cutters. Lift onto cold cookies.

These three holiday recipes — Chocolate Fruit Cake, Christmas Steamed Pudding and Marinated Fruit Balls — could become year-round favorites.



CHOCOLATE FRUIT CAKE

2 cups butter, softened

2 cups sugar

9 eggs

4 cups cake flour

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup unsweetened cocoa

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt

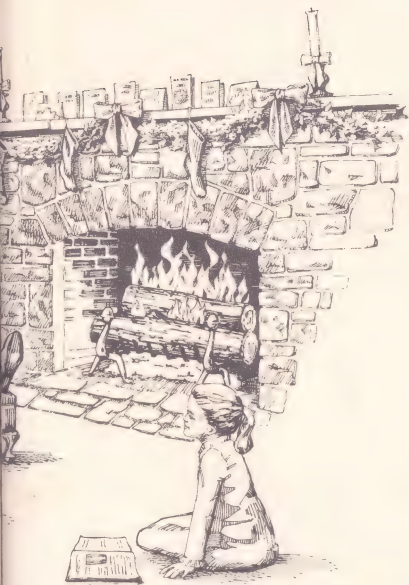
1 teaspoon vanilla

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup blended whiskey

2 cups diced mixed candied fruit soaked
in $\frac{1}{3}$ cup blended whiskey

2 tablespoons flour

In large bowl of electric mixer, cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift flour with cocoa, cream of tartar and salt. Add gradually to creamed mixture, then blend in vanilla and whiskey. Drain candied fruit, toss with flour and blend into batter. Spoon into buttered and floured 9-cup Bundt pan. Bake at 325° about 1 hour or until pick inserted near center comes out clean. Remove from oven, cool in pan, then turn out and



cool completely on rack. Drizzle with Confectioners' Sugar Icing and decorate as desired with candies.

CHRISTMAS STEAMED PUDDING

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup softened butter or margarine
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup unsweetened cocoa
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup milk
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped candied citron, lemon or orange peel or a combination
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup blended whiskey
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange marmalade
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup crushed pineapple

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in eggs. Sift flour with cocoa, baking powder and salt. Add to creamed mixture alternately with milk.

Stir in fruits, nuts, lemon peel and whiskey. Spoon into 8-cup pudding mold or heatproof bowl. Cover tightly with aluminum foil and place on rack in large kettle. Pour in about 1 inch boiling water around mold, cover and steam 2 hours. Check water level occasionally, adding more water as needed. Remove from pan, unmold onto serving platter. In saucepan combine orange marmalade and crushed pineapple, heat, stirring to blend, then brush over mold. If desired, serve with hard sauce. (To reheat pudding made in advance, wrap loosely in aluminum foil and heat in moderate oven about 30 minutes.) Serves 8 to 10.

MARINATED FRUIT BALLS

- 10-ounce jar maraschino cherries, well drained
- 1 cup blended whiskey
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter, softened
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup unsweetened cocoa
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup light corn syrup
- Sifted confectioners' sugar, about 1 pound
- Multicolored candy shot

Combine drained cherries and whiskey in bowl and let stand at room temperature at least 2 days, tossing and turning occasionally. Blend butter, cocoa and corn syrup in mixing bowl until smooth. Gradually blend in sugar until mixture is thick and pliable and forms a ball away from sides of bowl. Drain cherries well and pat dry. Using about 1 tablespoon fondant, roll around each cherry, then roll in candy shot. Place on waxed paper-lined cookie sheet and chill in refrigerator. Store in airtight container in refrigerator. Makes about 36 candies. □

Editor's note: For a free copy of The V. O. Party Planner, a handy booklet for at-home entertaining, write to V. O. Good Living, P.O. Box 4377, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10163.

LAW AND DISORDER collided when Fort Worth sprang up 131 years ago. The cavalry built a fort on a fork of the Trinity River to protect settlers from Kiowa and Commanche Indians and to open their lands for cattle drives. Longhorns grazed or stampeded the Chisholm Trail from San Antonio to Abilene, Kansas, right up what is now Commerce Street in Fort Worth.

Wind-tanned cowboys, wearing their one outfit of clothes, stopped to drink and gamble in a section of Fort

Fort Worth

Paradise of the Trinity

by Lois F. Campbell

Worth called "Hell's Half Acre." To prevent anarchy the city fathers hired "Long Hair" Jim Courtright, known as the fastest gun in the West. The mayor instructed Courtright not to arrest drunks until they had spent all their money.

"Hell's Half Acre" harbored outlaws in the 20th century, too. Kathryn



Tarrant County Courthouse



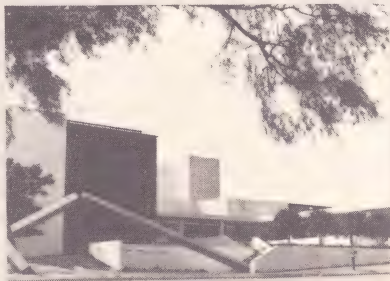
Kelly bought her husband, George R. Burns ("Machine Gun" Kelly), his first machine gun in a Fort Worth pawn shop. He hid in Fort Worth between crimes, but fled from federal agents to Memphis, Tennessee. When they cornered him, he coined a new name. "Don't shoot," he said to his henchmen. "It's the G-Men."

Fort Worth didn't always echo with excitement. In 1873 when the nation's economy nosedived, the railroad stopped in its tracks for lack of money. It ended 30 miles from Fort Worth. Discouraged residents left

town. Things got so quiet there a *Dallas Herald* writer reported he saw a panther asleep on Main Street in front of the courthouse. (Later, Fort Worthians entered parades in Dallas with two panthers on a float pulled by four matched white horses. "Panther City" became a nickname and some



Live Stock Exchange



Fort Worth Art Museum

photos by

Shelton Studios — Paul Everitt





The Water Garden, a gift from the Amon G. Carter Foundation

businesses still bear it.) The train arrived in 1876 after citizens volunteered to lay rails and get it through.

Amon G. Carter did so much for Fort Worth his great friend Will Rogers said, "No other city in America has anything approaching such a public citizen."

To counter the Texas Centennial Celebration staged by Dallas in 1936, Carter booked Billy Rose with Sally Rand to open Casa Manana, America's first musical theater-in-the-round. J. Edgar Hoover, Ernest Hemingway, Max Baer and Barney Oldfield attended the festival.

Carter brought the airplane indus-

try to Fort Worth and became the largest stockholder of American Airlines. He left a foundation of \$74 million, which financed such things as a blood bank and the unique Water Garden.

Few remember that the "Fight of the Century" originated in Fort Worth. Tex Rickard and Jack Dempsey signed a contract there pledging Dempsey to defend his title within six months. Rickard would select the site and the opponent. On September 24, 1926, 135,000 people paid more than \$2 million to see Gene Tunney defeat Dempsey in Philadelphia.

Only three people participated in

the baseball game played by the Fort Worth Strangers, a fictional team conceived at the *Star Telegram*. In September 1979, Wes Wise, former mayor of Dallas, and two WFAA radio men, Nick Alexander and Joe Halstead, did the play-by-play complete with wild cheering from the bleachers. ("Not a fan remained seated.")

The zoo started 70 years ago with a lion, two bear cubs, an alligator, a coyote, a peacock and some rabbits from a traveling carnival that broke down along the Trinity. It now encompasses 100 acres and exhibits 500 animals.

Fort Worth's shows and celebrations attract thousands. The Southwestern Exposition, Fat Stock Show and Rodeo involves 625,000 people from as far away as Australia. Thirty thousand people groom 15,000 animals, which eat 75,000 pounds of feed and use 10,000 bales of hay and straw. In 1896 it started as a two-day affair. Now a 12-day run in January and February, it opens with the largest nonmotorized parade anywhere. Ninety riding clubs, 30 bands, 50 horse-drawn vehicles and many marchers join the parade. Eight hundred cowboys pay their own expenses to compete for prize money.

In June the Chisholm Trail Round-Up celebrates the Old West with barbecue, a fiddler's contest, chili cookoff, free music at the Water Garden and "Swing your partner, do-si-do."

The Baptist Radio and Television



Casa Manana

Commission has the largest television studio in the country outside Los Angeles and New York City. It produces about 40 broadcasts every week. Messages go to Red China, North Korea, Jakarta, Hong Kong, Singapore and Thailand. Television productions go to 55 countries in 11 different languages.

Writers Thomas Thompson, formerly with *Life* magazine and author of the best-seller, *Serpentine*, and Dan Jenkins of *Sports Illustrated* grew up in Fort Worth. "Big John" Hall, one of the world's best-known religious singers, lives there. Alan Cartwright, a rancher and a Fort Worth native, doubled for Clint Eastwood in the movie *Bronco Billy*.

"Hell's Half Acre" or "Paradise of the Trinity"; "Home of the Strangers" or "Warmhearted West"; "Panther City" or "Cowtown"; by any other name, it's still Fort Worth. □

Ford's new Escort, plus fashions from MacCall's

It's Chic to Be Thrifty in Cars and Clothes

by Nancy Kennedy





THRIFT is in; waste is out! There is a sort of revolution going on with buyers these days — more and more are demanding that they get their money's worth. Trends in cars and fashions, big ticket items, have changed drastically to meet this consumer change of heart. Less becomes more, for with thrifty buying and planning, the purchaser has more time as well as money, and dresses and drives in greater style than ever before.

On the fashion scene the classics are back. Fashion has grown up and composure is the essence of the new look. The soul of it is the jacket with skirt or pants in classic fabrics and tailoring. The details create relaxed but strongly defined shapes. These quiet and refined clothes present themselves as virtuoso gestures — masterly applications of technique and craft that enhance the woman wearing them rather than overshadowing her. The beauty of all of this is that women can have fewer clothes and just switch them and change accessories.

As a part of this quiet revolution, more women than ever before are sewing their own clothes, according to Judy Raymond, vice-president of McCall's Patterns in New York. In

Pages 32-33: The Escort GLX, top-of-the-line version of Ford's new World Car. Fashions shown again and described on pages 36 and 37. Inset: GLX reclining bucket seats feature a luxurious nylon fabric. The plaid dress, a classic shirtwaist trimmed in lace, is McCall's pattern 7248.

1. Corduroy jacket, McCall's pattern 7197; pants, 7203; shirt, 7172.
2. Corduroy blazer and plaid skirt, both 7197; Oxford cloth man-tailored shirt, 7172.
3. Cord blazer and plaid skirt, both 7197; shirt, 7172.
4. Zipper jacket in velour and plaid pants, both 7203; shirt, 7172.

creating their own clothes, women can select their favorite fabrics in colors they like to build a total, well-coordinated wardrobe.

For example, all of the clothes shown on pages 35 and 36 were made from just four McCall's patterns. The possibilities are endless — a change of fabric in the same pattern for a jacket, skirt or shirt can create a total, pulled-together look for the modern woman.

Thriftiness is a watchword for buyers of Ford's new Escort, too. Escort has the highest EPA fuel-economy rating of any Ford vehicle ever produced in the United States. Equipped with a 1.6-liter engine and four-speed manual transaxle, the three-door Escort has an EPA-estimated mpg of 30 and a highway rating of 44.* (Applicable only to units without air conditioning or power steering. Not available in California.)

Escort's scheduled-maintenance requirements are among the lowest for any new car or truck on the market, according to C. V. Barion,

*For comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Your actual highway mileage probably will be less.





1. *A-line skirt and corduroy zipper jacket, both McCall's pattern 7203 (also shown on page 33).*
2. *Zipper jacket, 7203; skirt, 7197 (sweater not a pattern).*
3. *Cord blazer, 7197; pants, 7203; shirt, 7172.*
4. *Corduroy blazer and flannel dress shorts, both 7197; classic plaid shirt with white collar and cuffs, 7172 (also shown on page 32, but with plain shirt made from same pattern).*

general manager of Ford Parts and Service Division. Said Barion, "We expect scheduled-maintenance costs to average less than \$32** a year in the first five years or 50,000 miles of normal driving. The Escort will require only one service stop a year or every 10,000 miles for scheduled maintenance and no more than one hour of a technician's time per stop."

At the first service stop, only six scheduled-maintenance procedures are specified, including replacement of oil and the oil filter, and inspection of the engine coolant, carburetor-idle speed, automatic-transmission linkage and drive-belts. Owners can forget about adding water to the battery — it's maintenance-free in normal service.

Other maintenance-free features for Escort include self-adjusting brakes, lubed-for-life wheel bearings

and front suspension, preset carburetor fuel mixtures, hydraulic valve-lifters, front-end alignment with fixed caster and camber settings, and a self-adjusting clutch on models with the manual transaxle.

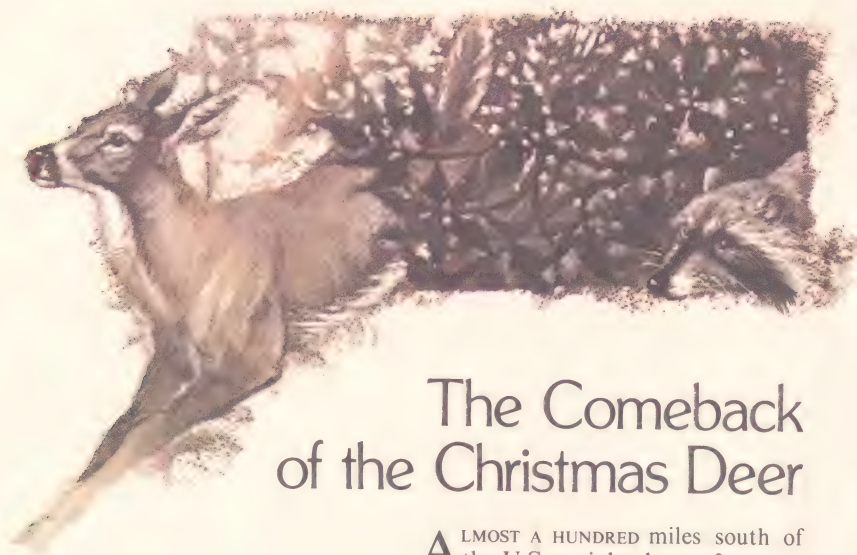
The owner who performs his or her own maintenance will find the Escort loaded with features to make self-service easier. Fuses, most exterior bulbs and windshield wipers can be replaced without any tools.

Ford's thrifty time- and money-saving World Car is also elegant. "Downsizing doesn't mean downgrading," explained Dave Wheeler, design executive at Ford's Design Center in Dearborn. "The new Escort upholstery fabrics are luxurious, in the mainstream of world fashion, but are of rugged, carefree nylon that wears better and keeps its color much longer than fabrics used on even the most expensive furniture. Ford upholstery standards are five to 10 times more stringent than those for even the most costly furniture."

The Escort offers a choice of a handsome tweed fabric, a homespun and a contemporary stripe (shown on page 33) in a variety of fashionable shades. There are also three textures, including a high-style whipcord, in sturdy Ford-made vinyl. □

Editor's note: Patterns shown are available where McCall's patterns are sold. If you have a sewing problem write to Meg Carter, c/o McCall Pattern Company, 230 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

**Based on anticipated 1981 requirements (subject to EPA approval), current suggested retail parts prices, the Company's standard time allowances and a projected 1981-model year average hourly rate of \$26.



The Comeback of the Christmas Deer

Because enough
people care,
these tiny creatures
can be seen again
on the Florida Keys

by Bill Thomas

illustrations by Miriam Schottland

ALMOST A HUNDRED miles south of the U.S. mainland on a few scattered islands in southern coral seas lives one of America's unique creatures — the tiny Christmas deer of the Florida Keys. Some people claim a remarkable similarity exists between the Christmas deer and the fabled deer that hoist Santa's sleigh along the starlit byways of the heavens on Christmas Eve.

No taller than three feet, these tiny deer were nearly reduced to fable before making an impressive comeback.

The place to find them is along the backroads leading through the National Key Deer Wildlife Refuge on Big Pine Key, 35 miles northeast of Key West. Big Pine is the focal point for Key deer, although they now range on at least half a dozen other islands — Big and Little Torch, Cud-

joe, Knockemdown and No Name Key among them. During the last century, these toy deer roamed as far north as Duck Key, 30 miles up the string of Florida Keys from their present range. And then, during World War II, they nearly disappeared.

Cut down by poachers, wild dogs, and automobiles speeding along U.S. Highway 1, which runs to Key West, the little deer suffered. Even sharks took their toll as the deer swam from island to island to escape the pressures of land-bound predators. They suffered further as people began to move in, taking over their range and diminishing their habitat, making food scarce. Their numbers had diminished to about 35 when a campaign was mounted to reverse the trend and bring these little deer a new lease on life.

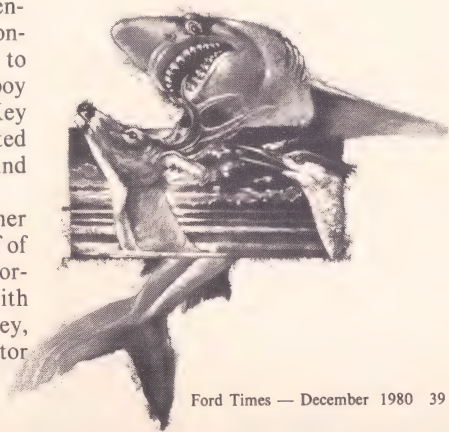
The year was 1947. Eleven-year-old Gary Allen visited Big Pine with his parents, saw his first Key deer and promptly wrote a letter to President Truman asking for their protection. Later, Gary wrote to President Eisenhower, to U.S. senators and congressmen, to newspaper editors and to local clubs. Gary set out on a one-boy campaign to do something for the Key deer; in all of his letters, he suggested the federal government set aside land for the little deer.

Some years previously, another warrior had gone to battle in behalf of the deer. In 1937, in Atlanta, Georgia, Jim Silver, a predator expert with the U.S. Bureau of Biological Survey, became the bureau's regional director

for southeastern states, including the Florida Keys. The plight of the tiny deer was brought to Silver's attention and he began writing news releases about them. He also sent letters about the deer's plight to Washington, D.C.

Silver and Gary Allen never knew each other, but their efforts and those of others like them merged to get things done for the Key deer. Thousands of letters, telegrams and phone calls poured into Washington. Finally, in 1954, Congress appropriated funds to establish a range land for the deer.

No one knows how many deer lived on the Keys during prehistoric times, but archaeologists do know they existed then. Through the centuries the tiny deer withstood hurricanes, poisonous reptiles, bloodsucking mosquitoes and shortages of fresh water — somehow they survived despite these adversities. But when people began to move into the lower Keys in greater numbers, along with bulldozers and guns and dogs, it was more than these deer could withstand.





The poachers drove deer off the outlying Keys into the water mercilessly to kill them. Sometimes they used hounds to pursue them. In other cases, they used fire, burning the habitat and stripping the island of its vegetation. Once driven into the water, the deer could not turn back. The poacher waiting in his boat did not even need a gun; he hit the swimming animal in the head with a hatchet and dragged it into his craft. Since there was little law enforcement during those days, the poacher had nothing to fear — not even his conscience, for most people in this part of Florida had not yet learned the meaning of conservation.

Then still another hazard entered the deer's domain. In 1944 a new highway was built across 26 of the Keys between the mainland and Key

West, making the Keys accessible to more people. With more people came more development, more waste, more abuse of the land . . . and greater pressures upon the deer.

Though environmental organizations, individuals and government agencies were working to preserve the Key deer, it was feared their efforts might be too late. Several residents of the Keys worried that a buck killed on the newly built highway crossing Big Pine was the last of his species. Only a handful of Key deer had been seen in previous months. Then, a few months later the Key deer gradually began reappearing. It soon became apparent they were once again on the increase. Today, there are 350 to 400.

If you look carefully as you drive slowly (less than five miles per hour is best) on Gulf Boulevard off U.S. 1 at



Big Pine Key, your chances of seeing Key deer are good — particularly around Christmas because of less foliage.

The fight to save the Key deer is not over. Don Kosin, refuge manager of the National Key Deer Wildlife Refuge, sees depletion of habitat as today's greatest threat. At present, there are more than 4,500 acres set aside for the Key deer. Efforts are under way to purchase additional lands,

but it may already be too late. Land prices have skyrocketed to the point where purchase is almost impossible. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service may soon begin building freshwater impoundments on remote islands so the deer can thrive there. If that becomes necessary, fewer and fewer of them will roam where motorists can see them at all. And, again, the toy Christmas deer will become obscure creatures. □

Stuff a Stocking for Your Ford

by Leo J. Brighton

EVER WANT TO BUY yourself a Christmas gift — but didn't because it seemed egotistical?

Well, we may have the perfect answer: Stuff an extra-large stocking for your Ford. Get it? It's for your vehicle, not you.

Whether you stuff a stocking for your Ford or someone else's, your Ford dealer stands ready to serve you with an interesting array of accessories designed for Ford products and backed by Ford warranty. Following are a few of them as well as a *Ford Times* special that you can order by mail:

1. Electronic Anti-Theft System. Protects your car from unauthorized starting. Your car will not start until you enter a personal four-digit code. Digital keyboard easily mounts anywhere. The system can be disengaged by you for conventional starting. For all Ford cars. Price: \$59.95.

2. Clamshell Cargo Carrier. Weatherproof, high-impact polyethylene, resistant to rust, denting, chipping and tearing. Two sizes: 15.2 and 22.5 cubic feet. Mounts to luggage rack. For Mustang, Escort. Prices not available at time of publication.

3. Deluxe Luggage Rack. Designed to enhance your car's appearance, this stylish chrome-plated steel rack includes individual front-to-back slats. Woodtone appliqué on LTD, Escort racks; bright finish on Fairmont. Price: \$101.25 to \$154.35.

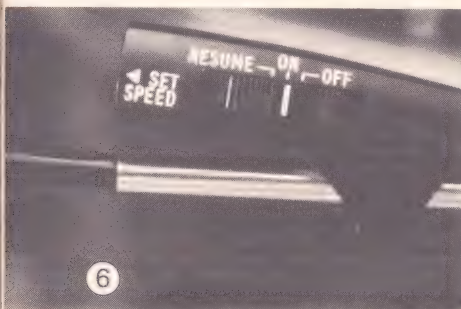
4. Air Deflector. Keeps the rear window clean by directing air flow to carry dirt away from glass. Attaches to Deluxe Luggage Rack on LTD wagon, to the top of the liftgate on Escort and to the top rear of body on Fairmont. Price: \$68.95.

5. Ford Times Favorite Recipes, Volume VII. A handsome hardcover book for the car or the kitchen, or both. Features directions to 237 famous restaurants and tells how to make 371 of their favorite dishes. Only \$6.95. Make check payable to Ford Motor Company and send to Ford Publications, Box 1509-B, Dearborn, Michigan 48121. Allow two to three weeks for delivery.

6. Electronic Speed Control. Reduces fatigue on long trips. Automatically adjusts engine power to maintain the speed you select. Disengages when brake pedal is depressed. A "Resume" feature permits your car to accelerate



automatically to last set speed. Mounts to turn-signal lever. For all Ford cars. Price: \$130.



7. *Wheel Splash Guards.* Stop rust before it starts. Deflect gravel and road grime from lower body surfaces. Available in black, blue, green, red, tan, white or stainless steel. Easily installed. For all Ford cars. Price: \$7.05 to \$19.55 per set.

8. *Door Edge Guards.* Protect door edges from nicks and scratches. Special woodtone finish to match station wagon side panels. For all Ford cars. Price per set: \$9.50 for two-door models, \$15.80 for four-door models.

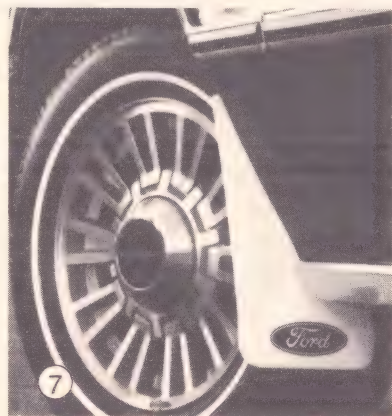
9. *Tonneau Cover.* Adds a neat, finished appearance to your pickup. Protects cargo from wind, rain, road grime. Two wood bows support cover to prevent accumulation of water. Sturdy vinyl cover snaps to sides and tailgate. Can be rolled up and secured for storage at front of truck bed. Choice of black or white. For F-Series pickups. Price: \$150.

10. *Carpet-Insert Floor Mats.* Made especially to fit the new Escort, these deluxe vinyl mats with simulated

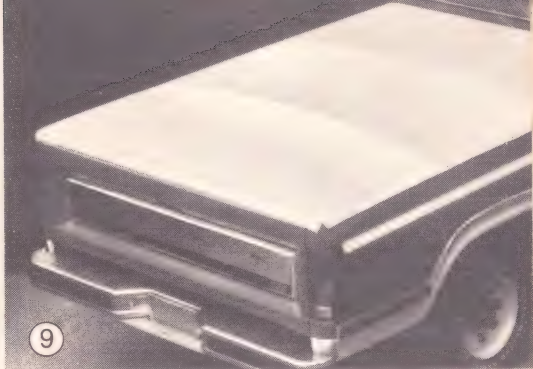
leather stitching around the edges have a carpet insert, embossed Escort emblem. Available front and rear in blue, caramel, red, black. Prices: front — \$42.27, rear — \$21.20.

11. *Full-Width Rubber Floor Mat.* Covers floor door-to-door with exact fit; no trimming to size. Available in black, blue, brown, red. For F-Series pickups, Bronco. Price: \$18.95.

12. *Deluxe In-Cab Rifle Safe.* Keep your rifles secure and out of sight in a locked steel storage safe behind the seat. Fabric lining protects delicate scopes and rifle stocks. Holds at least three rifles or shotguns. Ford's rifle safe complies with state laws requiring locked storage in vehicles. For F-Series pickups. Price: \$184.60. □



Prices of Ford parts and accessories are subject to change without notice or obligation. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on features, prices and availability.





IT'S A TALL WORLD

Being short can bring both difficulties and dividends

by Dorothy Artes

THE WOMAN who sold us our house was nearly as tall as the post office. I used a step stool to hang up laundry for a few days before my husband found time to lower the clotheslines.

When I first met my husband, he asked our hostess if I was an elf or a pixie. Having heard a wheelbarrow of such remarks, I just grinned, not guessing this firm-chinned, gentle, handsome stranger would provide most of the abundant happiness I have known in this life.

One gets used to one's own size. It does not feel strange, or at least, it

does not to me. Nevertheless, being short affects my life in a lot of ways. It pays special dividends and it presents difficulties.

Sitting is one difficulty. Most chairs are designed for tall people. If a short person sits all the way back in a lounge chair, his or her legs stick out straight, with the calves resting on the front of the seat. Only they are not resting. My experience is that I soon get ginger ale in my legs. They start to fizz and get a crawly sensation. I have to slap them to renew circulation or move to the front of the chair until my feet reach the floor, the latter position causing me to look ready to take off.

My feet dangle from most dining room chairs. An observant host noticed this the first time we had dinner at his house and brought me a footstool. I enjoy the meals we have there. His wife is a splendid cook, but I think a solid place for my feet contributes to my pleasure, too.

Very short arms are a disadvantage. You should see me at curtain-hanging time, a major event. I cannot reach across the width of the windows. Out comes the step stool. I place it on the left side of the window, scurry up and hang the left side of the curtain, hold up the right side with a clean dry mop to prevent undue pressure on the fixture, and scurry down. Still holding up the right side with the mop, I move the stool with my free hand, scurry up again and hang the right side. Then I scurry back down and attack the next window. If the items being hung are heavy drapes, I



am bushed when the battle is over.

Our bathroom medicine cabinet was surely installed by a basketball player. I can see the top of my hair, my forehead, my eyes and part of my nose. Once my husband was standing behind me combing his hair. He said,

"You have a smudge on your chin." I did not know. He stooped to my level, looked shocked, and said, "You can't see your chin from down here."

The Jolly Green Giant stocks supermarkets. I'm sure of it, and he puts things up high, and I do mean high. I do not attempt to reach cans and bottles that could clunk me if they came tumbling down. Tall strangers are very kind at such times.

All garments are too long. I chop them off. My remnant bag is as big as a bale of hay. Our daughter-in-law uses many of these pieces in assembling the doll houses she makes from nothings. I wish you could see the end results. I don't think there is a little girl in all the world whose eyes would not shine at the sight of them. Quilt makers go slightly dotty over my "cut-offs."

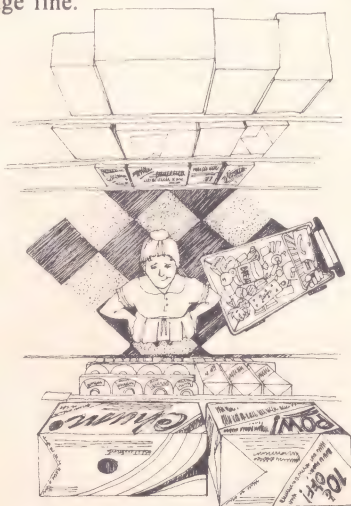
As for dividends of shortness, some are rather amusing. The innards of small people do not always match their outsides. A surprising number of

people think small women are cute, adorable, cuddly, helpless, even precious. I'm not. I am well-organized and not very cute. I manage to do most things for myself. I am as clean as Clorox, but I do not make an adorable appearance.

I thanked an especially nice young man for reaching a large can of fruit for me the other day and he said, "You are so welcome, dear little lady." I kept my smile hidden and did my best to look adorable and helpless.

I have been called "shorty," "small one," "dolly," "peanut," "little one" and a nauseating "teeny-tiny." One man said, "I bet you can walk all day in a dishpan."

I could go on and on about the labels and remarks directed to short people, but I won't. It would be convenient to be taller but, as I said, I manage fine. □



Granada

The Contemporary Classic

by Erika Gentry





Granada GLX two-door

IN A WORLD calling for change, Granada for 1981 has risen to the challenge. Completely redesigned with the modern car buyer in mind, Granada offers an all-new exterior, improved aerodynamics and better fuel economy than previous editions.

Although trimmer outside than last year's model, Granada for 1981 offers more passenger and trunk space, based on compared EPA volume indexes.

Granada's new contemporary lines reflect efficient design without compromising its heritage of styling distinction. Luxury lower bodyside molding, bright window frames, a left-hand remote-control mirror and dual-rectangular halogen headlamps give Granada a fresh new look in the car's own styling tradition. And for 1981, Granada incorporates a lower beltline and hood than last year, offering more windshield and side glass area for improved visibility.

Granada's roomy and inviting interior offers three seating configurations. New, more comfortable low-back bucket seats are standard with all models. Split bench seats are optional, as is a flight-bench seat that creates room for six.

Other interior highlights include a new instrument panel featuring an easy-to-read two-pod instrument cluster with woodtone appliques; stalk-mounted multifunction controls for turn signal, horn, headlamp dimmer and windshield wipers/washer; 10-ounce color-keyed cut-pile carpeting and all-vinyl color-keyed door-trim

panels. There's even a visor vanity mirror on the passenger's side. And automatic seat-back releases, standard with two-door models, eliminate the need for conventional latches and make entry and exit easier for rear-seat passengers.

Granada's value is enhanced by design and engineering features such as solid unitized body construction, manual rack-and-pinion steering, power front-disc and rear-drum brakes, and P-metric steel-belted radial ply tires. Add to that impressive list Granada's hydraulic strut-type front suspension and its proven rear suspension — a modified version of the four-bar-link system with coil-type rear springs.

With this year's standard power-team — a 2.3-liter overhead cam engine coupled with a four-speed manual transmission — Granada gets an EPA-estimated mpg of [23] and a highway rating of 34*. The 23 mpg represents a 21 percent increase over last year's standard powerteam. For added performance, optional 3.3-liter (200-CID) six-cylinder and 4.2-liter (255-CID) V-8 engines are available with SelectShift automatic transmission. New for 1981, these optional engines incorporate a viscous clutch fan for lower average horsepower loss and quieter operation.

Low scheduled maintenance and Ford's three-year unlimited mileage corrosion-perforation warranty are

*For comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Your actual highway mileage probably will be less than the highway estimate. California estimates differ.

further evidence of Ford's commitment to give you the most for your money with the elegant and economical Granada.

A host of new serviceability features have been designed into Granada for 1981. Among them are a maintenance-free battery, audible front-disc brake wear indicators that signal when brake pads are wearing, front-ball-joint wear indicators that can easily be checked from under the car, and a see-through windshield-washer-solution reservoir.

Another better idea from Granada is the fluidic windshield washer system. A single nozzle sprays a wide pattern of washing solution over most



*Above: Flight bench seat with smooth velour bolsters, ribbed velour inserts.
Below: Granada GLX four-door*





Above: Granada L two-door. Below: Granada GL four-door



of the windshield. The droplets are large and less affected by the wind than with conventional systems.

Granada for 1981 is available in two- and four-door models in three ascending levels of comfort and luxury — the standard Granada L, Granada GL and Granada GLX.

In addition to the standard Granada L items, the GL series offers luxury vinyl seat trim, luxury door-trim panels, soft quarter-trim-panel appliques with courtesy lamps, 18-ounce cut-pile carpeting, a luxury steering wheel, a luxury Sound Insulation Package, bumper rub strips and guards, color-keyed wheel covers, and bodyside and decklid paint stripes.

Granada's flagship — GLX — creates an image all its own with black headlamp doors, black ribbed vinyl-insert lower bodyside moldings, and turbine wheel covers. Inside, GLX extends the list of luxury items with electronic seat-belt warning chimes and a carpeted luggage compartment.

Granada's list of options has always been impressive — and this year is no exception. For those who wish to give their Granadas special treatment, there are more than 60 options from which to choose. Some of the more popular include wire wheel covers, air conditioning, console with graphic warning display and digital clock, power windows and door locks, and a flip-up open-air roof. And you can fancy-up your Granada outside with one of several Tu-tone paint/tape treatments.



Deep-grain vinyl bucket seats

A number of radio options are available including an AM/FM stereo with a choice of cassette or eight-track tape player as well as an optional four-speaker Premium Sound System.

New for 1981 are optional low-profile TRX tires available with cast aluminum wheels and specially tuned suspension components.

Also making its debut in Granada's option lineup is the Traction-Lok Axle — available with all power-trains. Under adverse operating conditions, where one wheel could spin on ice or in snow or mud, the axle automatically shifts some of the driving force, or torque, to the other wheel to take advantage of its better traction and propel the car. □

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.



Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS by Nancy Kennedy



illustration by Louis Peck

HISTORIC SWEETHEART RESTAURANT SHELburnE FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS

Old New England charm is the best description of this restaurant housed in a stately mansion along the scenic Mohawk Trail. Ruby and Rocco Garamella are the owners. The restaurant opened in the early 1900s as a tea house. The restaurant serves lunch and dinner but is closed Monday and Tuesday except during the fall foliage season. It also is closed from January through mid-April. Take Exit 26 off I-91 to State Highway 2 west.

GARLIC BROILED SHRIMP

- 2 pounds large unshelled shrimp
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup unsalted butter, melted
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup olive oil
- 1 tablespoon minced green onion
- 3 large garlic cloves, minced
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons fresh lemon juice

THE MAVERICK SUPPER CLUB SHERIDAN, WYOMING

Hand-hewn logs gathered from the Big Horn Mountains went into the building of this restaurant, giving it an authentic frontier atmosphere. Owned by the Lionel McEwan family since 1936, the former roadhouse specializes in steaks, chicken, shrimp and crab dinners with a nine-item relish tray. The Greenhouse adjoining the dining room features a circular fireplace for relaxation and a full service bar. It is open for dinner from 6 to 11 o'clock Tuesday through Saturday except holidays. The restaurant is on U.S. Highway 87 near I-90 about 6 miles south of the city.

- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced parsley
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon fresh ground pepper

Wash shrimp in cold water, slit underside of shell, devein and dry well. In shallow bowl mix melted butter, oil, onions and garlic. Dunk shrimp in mixture and coat well. Sprinkle with lemon juice, parsley, salt and pepper. Marinate for 30 minutes, turning frequently. Arrange on broiler rack and broil 6 inches from heat 5 minutes; turn and broil 5 minutes longer, being careful not to scorch. Serve with heated marinade poured over. Serves 6.

RAW VEGETABLE RELISH

Into deep bowl thinly slice 1 medium zucchini, 1 medium cucumber, 1 large carrot, 2 large onions. Add 3 stalks celery cut in 2-inch pieces, 1 cup cauliflower flowerets, 1 green pepper and 1 sweet red pepper cut in 1-inch squares. Pour over mixture of 3 cups vinegar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups salad oil, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon garlic salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon oregano and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper. Mix well and marinate in refrigerator several hours.

OLGA'S MAVERICK BEANS

- 1 pound red Mexican beans
- 1 small onion, finely chopped
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup white vinegar
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup dill pickle juice
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup corn or olive oil
- 2 tablespoons garlic salt
- Salt and freshly ground pepper

Wash and pick over beans. Cover with 3 quarts cold water, bring to boiling, then reduce heat and continue cooking about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, or until beans are tender yet still firm. Cooking time varies depending on hardness of water. Drain but do not rinse. Turn into large bowl and add onion, vinegar, pickle juice, oil and garlic salt. Mix well and season to taste with salt and pepper. May be served warm or allowed to marinate in refrigerator overnight and served cold.

illustration by Brian Stolzenburg



illustration by Harvey Kidder

THE SAVOY ROME, NEW YORK

A familiar sight in this family-operated dining room are other families gathered around tables topped with red-checked cloths enjoying a variety of Italian foods. And that's the way it has been since 1908 when the restaurant was opened. The Destito family, under the management of Pat Destito, is on hand to welcome guests into the friendly and informal atmosphere. It is open daily for lunch and dinner until midnight. The restaurant is at 255-57 East Dominick Street, near State Route 26.

BRACIOULA (Beef Rolls)

- 1 pound top round steak
- $\frac{1}{4}$ pound Italian bread

MICHAELS RESTAURANT ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA

This outstanding restaurant, operated by three generations of the Pappas family, originated with the late Michael Pappas, who migrated from Greece in 1915. His three sons and two grandsons carry on with the primary philosophy of consistently preparing and serving quality foods and beverages. The menu is varied and generously sprinkled with classic Greek dishes. Michaels, at 15 South Broadway in the downtown area, is open for lunch and dinner daily except Sundays. The nearest main highway is U.S. 63. This menu item generally causes a chuckle: "Bird-bath-sized martini, very, very, very dry — with a stuffed baby eggplant."

illustration by Douglas Snow

- 1 pound ground beef
- 2 tablespoons fresh, chopped parsley
- 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon fresh black pepper
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 2 garlic cloves, minced
- 4 eggs, beaten
- 2 hard-cooked eggs
- 1 quart tomato sauce

Cut meat in 2 even pieces and flatten as thin as possible. Soak bread in cold water, then squeeze very dry. Combine with ground beef, parsley, cheese, pepper, salt, garlic and beaten eggs. Spread mixture on flattened beef and pack down well. Slice eggs $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick and lay along one edge of meat slices. Roll up meat as tightly as possible, tuck in ends to make compact rolls. Secure with picks. Sauté in hot oil in skillet until browned. With sharp knife, cut each roll into 4 slices. Place in saucepan, cover with tomato sauce and simmer, covered, until tender. Serves 4 to 6.

SPANAKOPETA (Spinach Pie)

- 3 pounds fresh spinach
- 2 bunches green scallions, finely chopped
- 1 cup olive oil
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced parsley
- 1 pound feta cheese, crumbled
- 8 eggs, beaten
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pound filo pastry sheets (available in Greek grocery stores)
- 1 cup melted butter

Wash spinach, cut off stems, dry completely, then chop. Sauté scallions in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup olive oil until tender. Combine spinach, parsley, eggs and cheese. Add cooked scallions and mix well. Butter 9- x 13-inch baking pan. Separate filo leaves. Brush 5 with melted butter mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup olive oil. Place in bottom of pan, then spread with spinach mixture. Cover with 5 more individually buttered sheets, brushing top layer. Bake at 350° about 1 hour or until golden brown. Cut in squares and serve as appetizer or entree. Makes 10 to 15 appetizers.

One Day as a Two-

by William G. Kelley

illustrations by Miles Batt

I HAD BEEN FEELING a little (no, a lot) like George Plimpton. Only instead of quarterbacking, goal tending and smashing forehand shots, like Plimpton, I had been serving as a bellhop in Miami Beach and as a bartender in the Thousand Islands. Now I was about to become a waiter in a fancy lobster restaurant on Cape Cod.

"Any experience?" the burly woman who owned LaRochelle's Restaurant in Sandwich, Massachusetts, asked me.

"Sure," I answered with supreme confidence — even though I didn't know a lobster from a scallop. What the heck, I didn't have any experience when I toted my first suitcase or poured my first martini, either. And I survived.

"Report at 3 p.m. tomorrow," she said.

I was really in need of a job, having arrived at the Cape for the summer with my entire savings — all of \$62.50 — \$20 of which went to the first week's payment on my rented room on the second floor of a huge house in Falmouth. (The place was so large and labyrinthine that I got lost my first couple times in it, finally identifying the stairway that led to my room by the painting of George Washington at the foot of the steps.)

But about the restaurant.

LaRochelle's was a handsome hostelry, furnished richly in Colonial decor — Bennington Pine, for the most part — and seemingly attracted New England's *nouveaux riches*. That was good, because I hoped to earn a winter's keep off them.

The next day I was handed what amounted to a tuxedo: black pants, white ruffled shirt, black cummerbund, black bow tie and black dinner jacket. I hadn't been in anything like this since my prom, and geez, if I didn't look more like a diplomat at a ball than a waiter. Fancy!

"This is the new guy," Mrs. LaRochelle said to the chef, then back to me, "Pay strict attention to him, and do what he says. He's the best."

Hans Gilder may have been the best chef, but he certainly wasn't the friendliest. In fact, he was about as friendly as a toothache. "When you get your order," he began in somewhat broken English, "call it in first, then put it up here (he pointed to a cylinder that held little clips that looked like clothespins). When you hear the bell, get in here quickly. People do not, I repeat, *do not* want their lobsters cold. You get your own soup out of the soup tanks. Pick up the salads over there (pointing to the salad

Table Lobster Waiter





chef). And, please, no small talk. It gets awfully busy here."

"Yes, chef, er, sir." (I almost saluted him.)

The maitre d', a lean-looking guy named Pierre Marcos, assigned me to my station — three tables in the corner. All the other waiters had five tables, but Pierre thought I might not be able to handle that many my first time out. "It'll come, kid," he encouraged. "I started out just like you."

I liked Pierre. He had flair. Most of all, though, he possessed patience. Something Hans didn't.

I picked up my checkbook, took a white linen napkin from Pierre, draped it over my arm (if I'd had a mustache, proper protocol would have required that I tweek it) and awaited my first patrons.

"Your table, Mr. and Mrs. Cusinard," Pierre said to my first patrons,

slipping a chair under Mrs. Cusinard. "Enjoy your dinner."

"Hi," I said smiling.

"Hello."

Oh, oh, I thought to myself. These are two of the *nouveaux riches*. They were in their late 30s. Very, very cosmopolitan. Very, very chic. She in her bouffant hairdo, lime chiffon long dress and a diamond as big as a golf ball wrapped around her third finger. He with manicured hair just off the ear, a blue double-breasted blazer and a ruby on his pinky that flashed like a traffic light.

"My wife will have a Manhattan straight up with a twist, and I'll have a Gibson straight up."

"Yes, sir."

I knew I could handle the drinks, having been a bartender. It was that big tray I worried about. How was I going to carry it with one hand, high over my head, like all the other waiters did?

After delivering their drinks, I asked them, "Do you want to order now?"

"No," the gentleman replied tersely.

"Oh."

I tiptoed away like a thief in the dark, over to a corner, where every once in a while I would sneak a glance at my only "going" table. Ten minutes. Twenty minutes. When do they want to eat?

Just like that, the gentleman tipped his hand to me.

"Yes, sir?"

"We're ready to order. We'll both

have a cup of the bouillabaisse, the Caesar salad and the lobster. Thank you."

I walked into the kitchen and yelled "two lobsters," then placed the order on the cylinder in front of Hans. I even remembered *I* had to get the soup, so I skipped over to the bouillabaisse, poured two cups and served them to the Cusinards. You're doing good, kid, I said to myself.

Just then, Pierre escorted another couple to one of my tables. "Your table, Mr. and Mrs. Garvey," he said, slipping a chair under Mrs. Garvey. "Enjoy your dinner."

They were just ordinary folks, tourists from Pontiac, Michigan, who happened to be hungry and decided to stop in on their way to Hyannis. He ordered a beer and she a whisky sour on the rocks. "We'll order in about 10 minutes. Let us look at the menu,"

Mr. Garvey said.

The busboy was clearing away the empty cups of bouillabaisse as I delivered the Caesar salads to the Cusinards. "We'll have a bottle of Ladoucette Chateau du Nozet, please," he said. "Now."

"Yes, sir."

I had never run across that brand of wine before — even in my bartending days. I rushed to the bar, got it, rushed back to the Cusinards' table and uncorked the wine. I knew enough to first pour a little into the gentleman's glass. He sipped it, then nodded his head. I poured her a glass, then him. Pleased, I danced away, resting smugly on my professionalism.

Suddenly, I remembered. The Garveys.

"I'm sorry," I said after speeding to their table, "What can I get for you?"





"I'll have a cup of snapper soup, the house salad and the lobster," Mrs. Garvey ordered.

"Ditto," Mr. Garvey said, "and bring me another beer."

"You got it."

To the bar. One beer. To the Garveys' table. One beer here. To the kitchen. "Two lobsters." Order on the clip. To the soup tanks. Two cups of snapper. To the Garveys' table.

"Can you take a third table?" Pierre asked.

"No."

The Garveys were no slouches in the eating department, just about inhaling their soup. To the kitchen. Over to the salad maker. Two house salads. Back to the Garveys' table. "Good soup," Mr. Garvey commented. "And good service."

"Thanks, I needed that."

"Now?" Pierre asked again as the

room was building up.

"No."

Mr. Garvey made eye contact with me. "Everything OK?" I asked.

"Great," he replied. "My wife would like a glass of sauterne."

"Any particular brand?" I asked.

"Nah. Whatever you're serving."

As I was returning with Mrs. Garvey's sauterne, Hans was furiously ringing his bell. Oh, oh, the Cusi-nards' lobsters must be up. I was right. Hans was having a fit, because they weren't picked up immediately.

"When the bell rings, you come," he admonished.

"I had a drink to serve."

"Put it down. The food is more important."

I placed the lobsters on the big tray, put the lyonnaise potatoes and zucchini beside them and hoisted the tray over my head. When I tried to balance it with one hand it swayed like a top in the bathtub, and almost toppled on my head. I knew I couldn't negotiate the one-hand trip, so I

picked up the tray with two hands and carried it out to the Cusinards' table with all the ease and polish of someone lifting a lowland gorilla.

"Please pour two more glasses of wine," Mr. Cusinard asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Now?" Pierre asked once again.

"No."

It wasn't that I couldn't physically handle another table. I just had to catch my mental breath between the Cusinards and the Garveys.

Then Hans' bell rang.

"Pick up," he yelled as my kneecap pushed through the door.

The Garveys' lobsters, with baked potatoes and cooked carrots.

"Here we go, two lobsters," I announced, approaching their table. "You'll love 'em."

"How do I eat it?" Mrs. Garvey asked.

(How do you eat it? *How do you eat it?* That's a good question.)

"Hans," I implored, rushing into the kitchen, "I got a lady who wants to know how to eat a lobster."

"I thought you said you had experience with serving lobsters. You don't, do you?"

I shook my head, then ducked as he feigned flinging a spatula at me.

"Tell her to twist off the claws and crack each claw, then separate the tailpiece by bending it until it cracks and then break off the flippers from the tailpiece. Use a fork to push the meat out of the tail. Next, break off the small claws and suck the meat out of them. Then unhinge the back, open

the body. Crack it sideways to get the meat. Finally, tell her not to forget the 'tomalley.' It's tasty. Got it?"

"No."

"Thomas," he shouted to the second cook, "tell him again. I don't have time. Dummy."

Thomas told me. And I told Mrs. Garvey. And she told Mr. Garvey. And everybody ate lobster happily thereafter.

"Finger bowl, finger bowl," Mr. Cusinard beckoned.

Finger bowl? What the ding dong is that?

I asked Pierre.

"A bowl of water to cleanse the hands," he said. "Ask Hans. He'll tell you where to get one."

Ask Hans! That's like asking Attila the Hun.

"Over near the refrigerator," he snarled, then whispered just loud enough for me to hear, "How could she hire him?"

"Here, Mr. Cusinard," I said, tending the finger bowl.

Just then my shoe got caught on a fold in the rug and I lurched forward, spilling half the finger bowl on Mr. Cusinard's lap. Ohhh! I didn't want to look. But I did. A big puddle on his pants.

"Pierre, Pierre," Mr. Cusinard called.

At the end of the night, I was fired as a lobster waiter. However, Mrs. LaRochelle liked me for some strange reason and kept me on as a bar waiter in the lounge.

But that, folks, is another story. □

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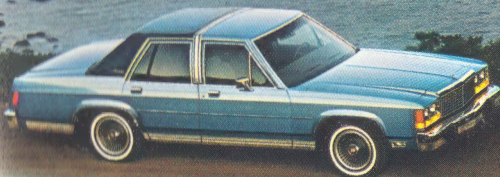
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